

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

## A Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY  
**CHARLES DICKENS.**

No. 27.—THIRD SERIES. SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1889.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

### BROWNIE'S PLOT.

A SERIAL STORY.

By the Author of "Lucy Carter."

#### CHAPTER IX. MRS. OLIVER.

THE Olivers had lived at Middleton a little more than a year; nothing definite was known to their discredit, yet not a single member of Mrs. Oliver's own sex had ever called upon her. Nobody could deny her beauty; and, if a husband or a brother were missing, it saved trouble to seek for him in her direction. So that the married women declared she was "really not respectable," whilst the married men (or some of them) wished that their own immaculate spouses were in some ways more like her.

The name of Captain Oliver's former regiment was a well-kept secret; a few of the wilder bachelor spirits spent an occasional evening at his house, as report said, to leave it with their heads full and their pockets empty.

To declare anybody an outcast was to win Clement Northcott's sympathy for him at once; yet it was not without certain qualms of conscience that he set out upon his walk to the Nook on Tuesday evening.

The house was on the outskirts of the town, not very far from the Rectory; a small villa, almost a shooting-box, built of stone quarried in the neighbourhood, with a paddock and stable adjoining. The furniture was scanty and inferior; but hunting-whips, walking-sticks, and conveniences for smokers abounded, whilst Mrs. Oliver herself was the only object of beauty the house contained.

"I am so sorry," she said, as she greeted Clement, "but my husband has just wired

to say he cannot reach home until half-past nine. Do you think you can exist in my society until then?"

Although he was the only guest, she had dressed herself elaborately to receive him; and Clement, more accustomed to the society of his own sex, was not sorry when the tête-à-tête dinner was nearly over.

"Don't you think I am the most amiable creature in the world?" she asked, when the servant had left the room, "I am sure I ought to be hugely offended with you."

"I hope I have done nothing very heinous," he answered absently, for his thoughts had wandered as far as Eastwood.

"That only aggravates the offence," she laughed. "Here am I, entitled to your whole attention, yet half the time I am wasting my words of wisdom upon you, your thoughts are running—upon whom shall I say?"

"I am awfully sorry—really I beg your pardon," he stammered.

"Oh, pray don't let me frighten you; only don't flatter yourself you can deceive me. We only put up with that kind of thing from our liege lords, and then our blindness is half assumed. So you really admire that style of face! You see I am not offering to leave you, but I don't mean to deprive you of your privileges for all that. Captain Oliver will not be long now. Come into the conservatory, and you may have a cigar if you like."

He followed her into a small glass box built out from the drawing-room, and full to suffocation of strongly-scented flowers, when she insisted that he should light a cigar.

"Mr. Northcott," she said, as she stood in the doorway, leaning against its side with one arm above her head, whilst the

other toyed with a rose at her breast, "that dark cousin of yours has a will of her own. She will rule you with a rod of iron some day."

"I should like to take the riak," he replied, beginning to feel more at home.

"There is a confession of faith, and not in me! Well, there isn't a single trace of jealousy in my composition. It is well for my peace of mind it is so. You shall make me your confidante. Is it a bargain? Come up here as often as you like, and I will promise to listen to a catalogue of her virtues. It will do you good, poor fellow, and me also. I have often longed to cheer you a little during the last month. You go about looking so desolate, and you used to be such a happy-looking boy. Oh! don't look so cross; you are a boy after all, you know, and I—I am old enough to be your mother."

This reference to Brownie seemed to Clement almost to hallow his visit. Did not Dr. Faust and Mephistopheles discuss the nature and attributes of the Deity? Not that Mrs. Oliver had any recognised Mephistophelian motives at this time. For the moment, her only wish was to please Clement. She desired companionship, and that of her own sex being for some inscrutable reason denied to her, she sought refuge with the other, which, she would frankly admit, was infinitely to be preferred.

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Captain Oliver.

"Very sorry, Northcott," he began; "couldn't help it, 'pon my honour. I hope Mrs. Oliver hasn't bored you. What are you boxed up here for? You can just as well smoke in the drawing-room. We don't mind it."

No greeting whatever passed between the husband and wife, who might have been separated but five minutes instead of five days. Everything about Captain Oliver was subdued and unpronounced, except the strong odour of cigars, which always accompanied him. His features were well-formed, they were as neatly put together as his clothes, and as little striking. He was neither tall nor short, fat nor thin, fair nor dark; his drawling voice was slowest when he was most excited.

Resisting all Mrs. Oliver's entreaties to partake of food, he demanded brandy-and-sodawater, and before he had been half-an-hour in the house, suggested a game of écarté.

"I am good for anything you like," said Clement, "only Mrs. Oliver——"

"Always prefers to read," was the answer. "Belle," he continued to his wife, "you look tired; don't sit up longer than you like. Northcott will excuse you."

She took up a book with so weary an air, that it was hard to believe she was the same woman who had entertained Clement earlier in the evening.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, presently; "it is eleven o'clock! How long does it take you to walk home, Mr. Northcott?"

"I don't think there is much damage done," said Clement, rising to take his leave on receiving the hint.

"You must not think of running away yet," was Oliver's very slow answer. "Why don't you take a pitch here for to-night? Our spare room is at your service, and I can drive you into Middleton to-morrow morning."

Mrs. Oliver did not second the invitation, but, judging by the cordiality she had displayed before her husband's arrival, Clement could not think his presence would be unwelcome; so, although he had no wish to continue the game—his pockets having been nearly empty to begin with—he adopted Captain Oliver's proposal.

Mrs. Oliver was the first to appear in the breakfast-room the next morning, Captain Oliver arriving next. But, although she looked bewitching in her white robe, he made no attempt to salute her.

"You treated me scurvily last night," he said, by way of beginning the new day.

"It is such folly," she answered. "You leave me alone in this desert of a place, and when you do come down, you do all you can to prevent me from making my way."

"So you wished to make use of the young fool yourself, did you? Do you think he is likely to blab to every one he meets that he lost a hundred to me last night? For that matter nobody would listen to him. People will no more look at him than they will at you."

"What is the use of playing with him? If he does lose—and of course you take good care of that—if he does lose he can't pay."

"Don't you think he can write his own name as well as his father's?" sneered Oliver. "I wish I had a hat full of his bills. His step-mother will never let him want, you take your oath. Look here, Belle, you tried to interfere with me last night. Let us have no more of that; it

will do him no good, and you a great deal of harm. Give me a free hand, and take one yourself."

"Oh, I know you don't care," she said; "it was different a few years ago."

"Of course it was. A man gets tired of anything if it is served up daily. I was a fool, and I am paying for my folly. Only mark this, Belle, don't interfere with me, and I won't interfere with you. I mean to teach Northcott my lesson, and you may teach him yours if you like."

"Very well," she said, pressing her red lips close together, so that the expression of her face was entirely altered.

But as Clement entered at the moment, she was able to receive him with one of her brightest smiles, whilst nothing could have been more quietly cordial than the greeting bestowed upon him by Captain Oliver.

#### CHAPTER X. DANGEROUS GROUND.

Two days later—on the Thursday afternoon—Clement was once more waiting outside Mrs. Clow's cottage; to meet only disappointment. He was on his way back to his lodgings over Mr. Staite's shop, in the High Street, when, as ill-luck would have it, he met Mrs. Oliver. Raising his hat, he would have continued his way, but she drew her horse across his path and laughingly prevented him.

"What have I done, pray, that you don't stop to enquire after my health, and my husband, and all my other invaluable possessions, Mr. Northcott?"

"I hope Captain Oliver is quite well," he replied, somewhat moodily.

"Do you? Then you don't look like it. You look as if you wish he was far from well. Why were you so stupid as to play? I hate the name of a card. Well, he is not at home now, at any rate. I am all alone, and it is so dull. You look dismal, too. Can't we console one another? How is the dark cousin, by-the-bye?"

Vexed that she should have divined his annoyance at his loss at cards, but, rendered tractable by the talisman of Brownie's name, he told Mrs. Oliver of his disappointment.

"Poor boy, so that's what spoils his pretty temper! Now, if you will come up to the Nook to-morrow afternoon, I will provide myself with all the latest intelligence. Never fear, I shall keep my word," she concluded, and, having obtained his promise, she cantered gaily away.

He reached the house at four o'clock on the morrow, and, faithful to her part of the agreement, Mrs. Oliver was able to tell him that Brownie had been detained at home by a slight indisposition. Clement remained to another *tête-à-tête* dinner that evening, and having nothing to do on the following Sunday, found his way once more to Mrs. Oliver's house.

At last another looked-for Thursday came round. No disappointment was in store for Clement to-day; for there was Brownie standing at Mrs. Clow's door, just as though she had been expecting him. But she declined to take the field-path again; she liked the road so much better, she said.

"I have been wondering why you left us so suddenly last time, Clement," she began presently. "Do you know that you did not even say good-bye? I dare say," she added, looking tenderly into his face, "I dare say you feel out of humour with all the world sometimes. I do myself, when I think what a shame it is."

Clement had intended to tell Brownie of his new friendship with Mrs. Oliver; but somehow he could not bring himself to make what he felt would be almost a confession out there in the open lane, where they might be interrupted at any moment.

"Uncle Walter is really going away for a little while at last," she continued. "He is to stay in London for a week. Do you know I have a kind of presentiment about this journey. I feel sure that something will come of it."

"I would not give much for your presentiment, Brownie. Now, confess that you expected to make some grand discovery long before now."

"Yes, I did," she answered, sadly; "and yet I have done nothing."

"No, and you never will do anything. Give up the attempt, Brownie. You have only to say the word, and I will soon put distance enough between myself and Middleton."

"But I am not hopeless because I have not been successful so soon as I expected, Clement; far, far from that. I am positive, certain, that before the six months have gone you will become Henry's partner."

"A tempting prospect!" he exclaimed. "Hullo," he added, coming to a standstill, "there is Anderson, Brownie. So this was your reason for preferring the lane to the fields!"

Whereupon she turned her sorrowful

dark eyes upon his angry face, and he saw that his words had gone home.

But although he knew he was acting like a brute, the knowledge made him only the more annoyed with himself, with her, and the rest of the world. He would have laid down his life to shield her from evil; but to keep back his reproaches now was more difficult than to lay down his life.

"Mind this," he said, "you will have to choose between us. You can go with Anderson, or with me. You cannot go with both. You must please yourself, and take your choice."

"Oh, Clement," she cried, pitifully, "it is not fair; I cannot be rude to Mr. Anderson."

Before she had finished speaking, the object of Clement's wrath was standing with outstretched hand in front of her; and Brownie, who disliked to utter a word which might cause the slightest pain to any human being, found herself in an awkward dilemma. There stood Anderson, cool and self-possessed as ever, entirely unconscious of the anger his presence had aroused; and there Clement, his cane dealing destruction to hundreds of nettles, his face aflame, his blood boiling.

Save for the song of the full-throated lark above their heads, no voice was to be heard; and Brownie devoutly wished for the moment that she, too, might look down upon her friends from a similar exalted position.

For she must cause pain to one of them; Clement had so ordained it.

"I think I—Mr. Anderson will see me home," she murmured, hardly knowing what she said. "Are you going towards Eastwood, Mr. Anderson?"

Yes, he was; although, strange to say, his back had been towards it not many minutes before. Brownie held out her hand timidly, but Clement appeared to overlook it, and once more left her without a word of farewell.

"I ought to see Mrs. Northcott this afternoon," said Anderson, walking slowly by Brownie's side. "So your cousin—Miss Northcott—does not always accompany you upon your charitable errand?"

However Brownie might enjoy his society as a rule, on this occasion her thoughts would keep flying to Clement. She was ready to make almost any sacrifice for him, yet it seemed that she could not spend an hour in his society without causing him annoyance. It never used

to be so. What had happened to disturb their former good fellowship?

"I am very glad you met my niece, Mr. Anderson," said Mrs. Northcott, as they entered the drawing-room at Eastwood together, "there are so many tramps about just now that it really is hardly safe for girls to go out alone."

"I was not alone, Auntie," exclaimed Brownie, "I met Clement, so that I should have been perfectly safe even if there had been any danger."

Mrs. Northcott was annoyed at this, declaring her most emphatic disapproval of such meetings until Brownie left the room. But as soon as Anderson had gone, Maud came to her cousin's defence.

"I hope you will not forbid Brownie to meet Clement," she said. "Surely it is well that he should keep up some connection with home. Besides, suppose she should be right after all, mother, and Clement be proved not guilty of this wretched thing!"

"Maud, you insult my dear brother," was the answer. "Don't you see how injudicious it is to let Clement and Margaret be so much together? It is not as though we were all as we used to be. Suppose she were to grow too fond of Clement; what a worry that would be!"

"There is no fear of that, mother."

"I do not know," continued Mrs. Northcott. "Sometimes I feel very uncertain about Henry Grayson. It is a pity that those who would make the best husbands so often make the worst lovers."

"I am quite sure of this, mother," said Maud, with great emphasis, "that Brownie looks upon Clement as her brother just as much as I do."

"Then, Maud, perhaps you will tell me why she judges him so differently?"

"Because she is herself so much nobler and better than I am," said Maud, enthusiastically. "She cannot easily believe evil of anybody. I quite agree with you about Henry. Whatever she may have thought of him twelve months ago, he is nothing to her now."

"Really, Maud, I do wish you would not be so mysterious," complained Mrs. Northcott. "Why," she exclaimed aghast at the idea which had just occurred to her, "you never mean—"

Now Maud's only answer was a blush, which appeared to have no cause or reason whatever.

"Maud, will you answer me? You never mean Mr. Anderson! Well, now,



this is extremely awkward for me. First, Dr. Stanhope is taken ill; and now there is this about Mr. Anderson. I shall observe Margaret closely. If the young man had means, I don't know that I should so much object. Perhaps he will get this appointment at the Eye Hospital. They say that would lead to something. But one thing I am quite determined about: Margaret shall not hold any more clandestine meetings with your brother."

After parting from Brownie, Clement had strolled moodily along the lane, he cared not whither. He told himself that his ally had deserted him and gone over to the enemy. She had espoused his cause before them all on the day of his father's funeral; now it seemed she had as openly deserted it.

"Good afternoon, Northcott."

It was Captain Oliver who spoke, as he whisked by on his high dog-cart. A huge cigar was between his lips, and, for once, his face did not entirely lack expression. He looked extremely angry. On the back seat, by the groom, Clement espied a portmanteau—sign of Oliver's intention to take the train from Middleton.

Clement had had no thought of going to the Nook; nothing was further from his mind until his regrets and self-reproaches had been interrupted by Captain Oliver's greeting.

The house was about a mile distant; but, by a judicious trespass, the mile might be halved. During the last week or two his intimacy with his fair friend had flourished exceedingly, and upon each occasion of dissatisfaction with Brownie—a dissatisfaction which he all the time knew to be ridiculous—fate seemed to drive him towards Mrs. Oliver.

Clement was soon in Mrs. Oliver's garden. It was a sultry evening; and the low French window which led to the drawing-room stood wide open. Clement hesitated whether to enter by this or the door, until, seeing Mrs. Oliver within the half-darkened room, he chose the window. Her back was turned towards him, her golden head was bowed as though over some fascinating romance.

"Mrs. Oliver!" he called, placing one foot within the room.

Half afraid, she rose abruptly to face him, without any attempt to hide the traces of recent tears.

"I beg your pardon," he apologised, "I am intruding; I ought to have gone to the door."

"Why?" she asked, brushing her hand

across her face. "Come at any time, and any way you like. I am always glad to see you."

Her hearty welcome stood out in marked contrast with his recent parting from Brownie. Why, since Brownie's defection, Mrs. Oliver was the only friend who remained to him, and the sight of her tearful face touched his heart, infuriating him against her husband, who doubtless had caused those tears to flow, awakening the deepest sympathy for her who shed them.

If the marks of distress did not actually add to Mrs. Oliver's beauty, they certainly rendered her more dangerously fascinating. Her eyes may have been less brilliant than usual; but her timorous, clinging helplessness made ample amends for any loss of light. Her ordinary assertive demeanour, coupled with her little affectations of importance, had led Clement to look upon her entirely as his superior; and to see her now, standing weak and sorrowful before him, her sad eyes asking very plainly for pity, was a new, as well as a not altogether unpleasant experience.

"You are in trouble," he said, retaining her hand in his; "is there nothing I can do to help you?"

"Nothing in the world—neither you nor anybody, unless you could take me away from this hateful place. Oh, he is driving me to despair!" she cried. "There, you cannot imagine what my life is like! Let us put it aside now. I am my own mistress for a couple of days, at any rate. Will you stay to dinner?"

"I only looked in for a minute or two," he said; but his voice betrayed his hesitation.

"Why can't you stay? Surely you are not afraid of Mrs. Grundy. As for me, I care for nothing. Why should I? Who cares for me? Middleton is too good for me. Would you believe it?—I have not exchanged a word with a woman, except the servants and the tradespeople, during the whole time I have lived here."

Each of these two was dissatisfied with the existing state of affairs; each was, in a certain sense, an outcast from society. She was a beautiful woman, and in trouble; he, like most strong men, was easily led away by pity for the weak. Mrs. Oliver could read Clement's thoughts in his face, which was, indeed, extremely close to her own. For the moment he was under a spell—fascinated. He had ceased to be master of himself; his ordinary world, with which he had been so dissatisfied, was completely forgotten.

Mrs. Oliver was so close to him that her shoulder touched his breast, and, loving to feel her power over him, she dallied there. Brownie, like the rest of her world, had been cold to Mrs. Oliver; now was the time for retaliation. She believed that she had only to draw a little nearer, to utter one or two words, to render his state of intoxication hopeless. As for Clement, he did not think at all.

The intention forms itself, the sentence is arranged, the words tremble on the lips; yet they remain unspoken! Mrs. Oliver's lips parted; she glanced quickly at Clement, then suddenly broke into a low, rippling laugh.

"And how is the charming cousin, Clement?" she asked, quietly.

The spell was broken; a second ago he had been Clement drunk, he was now Clement sober. He was a strong man, but he could have cried like a child. He realised that he had received a great mercy, far greater than his deserts.

"Poor boy!" she said, shrugging her shoulders, mockingly; she remembered her husband's words concerning Clement. She was fond of him, too, in a manner.

Nothing could induce him to remain another five minutes in her presence. Slowly and thoughtfully he walked home under the red glories of the summer sunset, more sincerely thankful than ever in his life before.

### SOMNAMBULISM.

THE extent to which the cerebral organs are awake during sleep has been the subject of much discussion. In perfect sleep, the theory is that all the organs are in a state of quiescence; but how is it in the case of dream, and still more in the case of somnambulism, which includes not only walking, but talking, thinking, and doing, while in a state of sleep?

Dr. Macniah's theory of somnambulism is that it is dreaming of so forcible a nature as to stimulate into action the muscular system and one or more of the organs of the senses. Thus, to dream vividly, and with excited energy of walking, arouses the muscles of locomotion, so that the person naturally gets up and walks. To dream that we hear or see, may produce so vivid a cerebral impression as to stimulate the eyes and ears, or the organs of the brain with which they are connected, until we do see objects and hear sounds just as

if we were awake. If the muscles only are excited, then we simply walk. If the organs of sight and hearing are also excited, then we walk, and see, and hear, and probably talk as well. The senses of smell, taste, and touch may further be stimulated into activity during sleep; and a condition of mind is the result which is so like perfect wakefulness as to be in reality a second consciousness, or a double life.

Sleep-walking is often hereditary, but is more common among women and children than among men. And sleep-walkers do not always see, although they usually have their eyes open. Most of us have probably met with cases of this simple kind, in which only the muscles of locomotion are in play while all the senses are dormant, and a very large number of persons have experienced the thing themselves.

Very different in degree, however, is the somnambulism in such cases as that of the English clergyman who used to rise in his sleep, light a candle, write a sermon, correct it with interlineations, and then go to bed again, awaking in the morning without any recollection of his midnight performance. Or like that of the miller, noticed by Dr. Gall, who was in the habit of rising every night and going through his usual work at the mill without any remembrance of it in the morning. Or like the farmer, mentioned by Dr. Pritchard, who rose, dressed himself, saddled his horse, and rode to market in a state of somnolence. Or like Mr. Blacklock, who on one occasion, after retiring early from the family-circle, arose and returned to the room, joined in the conversation, sang a song, and went to bed again, not only without any after-recollection, but also without any of the company having suspected that he was asleep all the time. Or like the boy who dreamed that he got out of bed, scaled an enormous precipice, captured an eagle's nest, and placed it under the bed, all of which he found in the morning that he had actually done, and had been seen to do—the precipice being one he would not have dared to climb in his waking moments.

Sleep-walking may be caused by several things: such as a heavy meal, a bad digestion, a nervous, overwrought temperament, or general irritability of the system. But there are many cases in which it is impossible to ascribe a cause; and there is also a somnambulism which is produced by artificial means, which we may call either mesmerism or magnetism.

The German scientific theory is, that from the standpoint of every psychical being, Nature is divided into two halves—the one acting upon consciousness, the other not; that sleep is accompanied by an inner waking; that it is not a mere negation of waking, but contains also "positive sides." Thus, it is argued, the processes which come to the inner consciousness in sleep, take place also in waking, but only remain unconscious. Sleep does not produce new influences on the organism and new reactions, but simply raises those which were subordinate during waking. It introduces new influences and modes of reaction to consciousness, and the result is a dream.

Dr. du Prel, who has devoted much attention to this subject, and who deals with it at some length in his "*Die Philosophie der Mystik*," says that somnambulism induces susceptibility to finer influences than are received by the senses of the waking person; and that, as the senses in waking evoke faculties the more remarkable the more finely they are organised, so must the sense educed in somnambulism, receiving influences too fine for the day-senses, release faculties superior to those of the waking man.

So much evidence has been gathered of the remarkable character of somnambulatory faculties, that many physicians have enthusiastically declared somnambulism to be a higher condition than that of waking life. Others, however, are just as confident in regarding it as a falling-back into the instinct life of animals.

Dr. du Prel maintains that the truth lies midway between these extremes. Somnambulism is the influence of Nature and man in presence of a passive state, and, therefore, it is not a state of equal dignity with waking. But, on the other hand, faculties are often revealed in somnambulism, which, even if only transitory, are so superior to those of ordinary man as to disprove the mere instinct theory.

Somnambulism has been called exalted sleep; and the philosophy of sleep has been by no means exhausted, even by Dr. Macnish. We all know by experience the recuperative quality of sleep, and we have, most of us, observed how a prolonged sleep is often the turning-point in a case of critical illness. But what can we make of the apparently well authenticated instances of phenomenal sleeps which are recorded in many scientific works? Schubert, for instance, tells of a boy who slept for six-

teen weeks, and, when he awoke, both the disease from which he suffered and the desire for more sleep had departed. He also quotes a case of a sleep of four years, interrupted with but short waking intervals. Another German doctor records the case of an old priest at Stettin, who, one Christmas Day, felt need of a little rest after the first mass, and dropped asleep in his cell for thirteen weeks. In Mayo's "*Truths in Popular Superstitions*" there is mention of a girl known to the author who, at twelve years old, fell into a sleep which lasted thirteen years, during which she grew from a child to a mature woman.

We offer no opinion upon these phenomena; we only quote them on the authority of scientists by way of illustrating what a very remarkable thing sleep is, and how much we have yet to learn about its mental and physical attributes.

Somnambulism has been often called a disease, but Du Prel maintains that it is not so. It rather heals the diseased—either, directly, through its deep sleep, or, indirectly, from the fact that, while in sleep, somnambulists are often capable of self-prescription. Mesmer's theory was that such severe diseases of the nervous system as catalepsy, epilepsy, and so on, are really "an incomplete somnambulism," which can be cured by the application of artificially-induced somnambulism—that is, by mesmerism.

This brings us to the consideration of artificial somnambulism, which may be said to take place when one person is subjected by another to the influence of animal magnetism. Now, the peculiarity of the magnetic sleep is, that while much deeper than the natural sleep, the "inner waking" is also more complete and more clear. This magnetic sleep was well known to the old Hindu adepts, and it took an important place in the philosophy of the Vedas. It is even believed that the Indian mystics could produce magnetic sleep, or artificial somnambulism, in their own persons; and there is little doubt that the object of the Jogis is to attain this power of self-mesmerism.

When we endeavour to recall a dream, we can usually only reproduce a confused mental picture, composed of disjointed materials taken, without apparent connection, out of our waking life; and yet if a dreamer were asked while dreaming if he slept, he would assuredly answer no, for the dream is with him an actual exercise of consciousness. And so with the

"inner waking" of somnambulists—it is reality to their intelligences. In ordinary sleep, those who have been born blind have dream-images; and it is said that in somnambulism the born-blind actually see. One can only explain these things by accepting the theory of the dualism of consciousness.

The connection between natural sleep and magnetic, or mesmeric, sleep, is so close, that the former has been called "incipient somnambulism." It has been proved by repeated experiments that natural sleep is the most favourable moment for magnetising any one. As a rule, sleeping persons can be magnetised with more ease and success than if they were awake; but it is not necessary to believe all the extravagant miracles which are claimed as the result of the exercise of animal magnetism.

A good many of the phenomena of somnambulism are explainable by memory. There is an authenticated case of a distinguished musician who once dreamed he was listening to a remarkable piece of music performed by some singers. He remembered the melody on awaking, and was so delighted with it that he at once wrote it down. Several years afterwards, as he was turning over some old sheets of music that he had never seen before—as he thought—he came upon the very melody he had dreamed. He could not remember that he had ever seen or heard this melody except in his dream, and yet it is beyond doubt that he had heard it; that he had forgotten it; and that it had been reproduced in his dream in the manner recorded.

Coleridge tells of a maidservant who, in the delirium of fever, repeated long passages in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew—languages which she neither understood nor could pronounce when in health, but which she had heard a former master often reading aloud. An even more remarkable case is mentioned by Dr. Mayo. This was of a girl who, knowing absolutely nothing of astronomy and mathematics, once in a somnambulant state wrote down the pages of an astronomical treatise, with calculations and delineations. It was found that this was taken from the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which she said she had read in the library. But when awake she could not recall a word of it.

These are but some of many illustrations which might be given of cases where, what appeared at first to be remarkable original productions were only reproductions of

memory long dormant. They show that sleep and delirium often reverse the former process of forgetting, and that, as Du Prel says, we possess a latent memory, the content of which partially returns in dreams; sometimes with, but often without recollection.

The exaltation of memory, which takes place in sleep, explains many remarkable dreams and somnambulant notions, to which superstitious or mystic significance is supposed to attach.

Du Prel mentions the case of a girl, employed as a neatherd, who occupied a room divided only by a thin partition from that of a violin player, who used to play often during half the night. This girl, after some months, got another place, and after she had been there for some two years, sounds began to be heard coming from her room exactly like those of a violin. This went on for hours, and, with irregular intervals, lasted for two years. Then the girl began to reproduce the tones of a piano which was played in the family, and afterwards began to discourse in her sleep, in a learned and sarcastic manner, on religious and political subjects. In every case she was reproducing in sleep what she had heard said or played by members of the family or visitors.

There is another case mentioned by another writer—De Boismont. A widow was sued for a debt of her deceased husband, which she knew was paid. But she could not find the receipt. Greatly disturbed, she went to bed and dreamed that her husband came to her and said that the receipt was in a red velvet bag in a hidden drawer of his desk. This she found on waking to be the case. Of course, she had known of the hiding-place before, but had forgotten.

We shall now give a number of curious instances of the action and reaction of memory in somnambulism, culled from a number of German and other scientific writers, and cited by Du Prel.

A basket-maker, named Mohk, observed by Varnhagen, once heard a sermon which greatly impressed him. The following night he got up and walked in his sleep, repeating word for word the discourse he had heard. He continued to do this at intervals for forty years, although on waking he knew nothing of what he had done.

A celebrated female somnambulist named Selma is known to have repeated when asleep a poem which she had heard



a year before; and once she recited a poem by her brother which he himself no longer knew, having lost it for thirteen years.

The French scientist, Ricard, knew a young male somnambulist who, when in the magnetic sleep, could recite almost word for word a book he had read the day before, or a sermon which he had heard. Another French subject could give, when asleep, the names, composition, and quantities of the numerous medicines which had been prescribed for her by different physicians during her illness, yet when awake she knew nothing about them.

Dr. Wienholt had a patient with a very bad memory in waking, but who, during somnambulism, could recite long passages from a book she had been reading.

Dr. Schindler had a patient who, in the magnetic sleep, could give the whole history of her disease, many incidents of which the physician had himself forgotten.

The French Dr. Puysegur testifies to a patient he had who, when four years old, had suffered injury to the head with a consequent surgical operation, which so destroyed the memory that he could not recollect a thing which happened an hour before. Yet in somnambulism this patient recollected everything exactly, could describe the operation which he had undergone, and predicted that he should never recover his waking memory, as, indeed, proved to be the case.

Lafontaine, a once famous mesmeriser, has recorded an experiment which he says he once made himself at Rennes. A young actress there had asked him to put her to sleep, but requested to be wakened in good time for rehearsal, as she had only read once a part which she was to perform that night. Instead of waking her, however, Lafontaine induced her to go on the stage in her somnambulant condition and to go through her part without mistake. Yet when wakened immediately afterwards she could neither remember it, nor that she had just repeated it.

The somnambulant consciousness is linked with earlier magnetic conditions; that is to say, somnambulists can recall what occurred in previous sleeps, but not in waking intervals. This is one of the most curious phases of the subject, as it shows that we may have a double memory, one side of which is latent while the other is active, turn and turn about.

Then, as to other sensations, we quote from the testimony of a patient of Dr. Kerner's:

"This morning, in the magnetic sleep, I drank elder-tea. On waking, I felt no taste of it. Waking, I ate meat, and then fell into a magnetic sleep. I then had again the taste of elder-tea, and not of the meat. But, on coming out of this sleep, I had again the taste of the meat."

Another curious case was that of the nephew of Rezzi, the physician. In the somnambulant state he complained of want of appetite and nausea, but, on waking, wanted immediately to eat; the indisposition always returning with the sleep.

Professor Debret mentions that he awakened one somnambulist while she was singing. She ceased her song, and looked about in great perplexity, but when put to sleep again, resumed in the same key and at the same syllable where she had been interrupted.

The physiologist, Burdach, was told one morning that his wife had been seen the night before walking on the roof of the church. He took the opportunity at her next sleep to question her, when she gave a full account of her proceedings, and mentioned having hurt her left foot by a nail on the roof. When awakened, she was asked about the wound in her foot, but could give no explanation. This appears to have been an ordinary case of sleep-walking, not of magnetic sleep; yet we find the same evidence of dual consciousness.

The subject in its scientific aspects is hardly suitable for discussion in these pages. Our object has simply been to present our readers with some remarkable instances, reputedly authentic, of the peculiar operations of the mind and consciousness in sleep. Du Prel's conclusion is:

"Our waking life forms a single whole, as does also the somnambulant life. If dissimilar conditions, as waking and somnambulism, alternate, recollection unites the similar conditions, bridging over the intervening periods of forgetfulness. Thus the thread of recollection runs uninterruptedly through the like conditions; with every return of the same condition, its former ideas are reproduced, even though they have been forgotten in the interval."

After all this, let us think more respectfully of dreams.

## A DOOMED SHIP.

### A NAUTICAL SKETCH.

OUT on the broad blue ocean, not far from the equator, thousands of miles from

any land, lying motionless on a calm sea, was a dismasted ship. Nothing remained of her taunt masts and spars but the mizen-mast, the bowsprit, and jib and flying jib-booms. From the mizen topsail, and cross-jack yards, hung a few ragged strips of canvas, and out at the far ends of the flying jib-boom depended part of the stay and some fragments of a sail, torn and rent, just as it had been left after the fierce gale which had rendered this gallant ship so helpless a wreck. Not a breath of wind was stirring in the heavens; not a cloud was in the deep-blue sky; not a ripple or a flaw disturbed the far-stretching ocean. It was high noon, and the sun was almost vertical. All was silent. The sun was pouring down its fierce tropical rays on the blistered deck and on the vast, calm sea. There she lay, a spectral ship upon a silent ocean. There was not a sign of life on board, not a sound could be heard, except now and again when a swirl of water made the rudder-chains rattle and creak, as the wheel moved a few spokes backwards and forwards; or, when an albatross flapped up from the sea, hovered over the ship, and then flew away into the distance.

The day passed slowly, as many days had passed; the sun began to sink lower and lower in the western sky, and once more, like a blood-red shield, it sank into the bosom of the ocean, leaving behind it a flood of erubescient light, which tinged the sky with its ensanguined hues, and these, reflected in the water beneath, caused the ship to appear as though she was floating in a sea of blood. The crimson faded into orange and pink, and then into grey, and then the shadows of evening stole slowly over the scene; then one by one the stars came out and studded the whole of the cloudless firmament.

Suddenly there came from the cuddy window a stream of light, and a man, gaunt and emaciated, peered out on to the deserted deck. A few minutes afterwards another gleam of light shot from a small aperture in the door of the fore-castle deck-house, and two eyes, cruel, reddish brown eyes, also peered cautiously out. These two men had been for days waiting and watching for each other's death. They were the Captain and mate of the vessel, who, when the crew had taken to the boats, had refused to desert her.

For days and weeks—how many they had no idea, for they had lost all count of time—they had been alone on the pathless deep. At first, they had made the best

of their situation: day by day hoping and expecting that succour would come and they should be rescued. They had put themselves on short allowance of both food and water; but, notwithstanding, the food was at length nearly consumed, the water was quite exhausted, so that they had nothing left that was drinkable but a few bottles of wine and brandy. To the torture of hunger was now added the agony of raging thirst—a thirst which neither wine nor brandy would quench, but rather intensify.

Anything more horrible than their situation cannot be imagined, and the dreadful conviction was being forced upon them that they must die.

This was the state of affairs three days previous to the opening of this story. The Captain was sitting with his eyes apparently closed, and the mate was watching him with eager, hungry eyes. Up to this point the mate had been the most hopeful of the two; but now he had abandoned himself to despair.

No succour could reach them he knew while the calm lasted; but this was not the thought that was haunting his mind. "One of them must die—the death of the one would be the preservation of the other." This was the mental refrain which, as it were, formed the chorus to every other thought. "The death of one would be the preservation of the other."

He sat there eyeing the Captain with a diabolical leer. He was no longer a man, he was a demon. Suddenly he started up; by a revulsion of feeling, which is not uncommon in such cases, he had passed from helpless despondency into furious delirium. With a hoarse cry he sprang at Captain Dunnett, brandishing a long knife in his hand. A fierce struggle ensued; it was short and sharp, and the mate, after being disarmed, was pushed forward, and fell violently upon the deck. Captain Dunnett was the younger and stronger of the two, and, had he been so inclined, could have despatched the mate with ease; but he contented himself with disarming him, threw the knife into the sea, retreated to the cabin, and shut and locked the door.

The mate after this grew more furious, and after vainly attempting to enter the cabin, withdrew to the fore-castle and took up his abode there; and now for three days he had been waiting and watching for the Captain's death.

To be buried alive has been thought to

be beyond question the most painful of all deaths; but it is doubtful if the long-drawn agonies which were being endured by these two men were not more painful of the two.

"How long—how long can this last?" moaned Captain Dunnnett, as he sat and gazed out into the night. A painful sort of apathy was stealing over him. He had no hope, he made no effort, he had no longer any wish to live. If death were coming, his only prayer was that it might come quickly.

Slowly, minute by minute, the life was ebbing out of him; and as surely, with a tortoise-like gradation, the night crept on. The moon had risen, and now, in fall-orbed splendour, was riding high in the heavens, casting a long wake of silvery light on the placid sea which danced and flickered right away to the distant horizon.

The two lights still gleamed on to the deserted deck, and the two watchers still watched on.

Meanwhile, nature had not been idle. Away, in the distant horizon, great masses of fleecy clouds began to pile themselves up one above another, gradually extending themselves across the northern heavens. The cloud-packing went on for more than half an hour, accompanied by hot puffs of wind which now and again ruffled the waters. The sky every minute grew blacker, and the clouds more dense; vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky, and there were mutterings of thunder in the distance.

The silent watcher in the cuddy saw nothing, and heard nothing of all this. His head had sunk heavily on his bosom, and he slept. Suddenly there was a noise beneath the deck like the scratching of a rat; then, slowly and noiselessly, the trap-hatch under the table was lifted, and through the aperture a head, with curly red hair and fierce eyes, appeared. They were those of Jarvis the mate. After pausing to see that all was clear, he placed his hands on the deck, and then, with a supreme effort, he silently lifted himself into a sitting posture, and again he paused to listen. He could hear the regular breathing of his companion as he sat sleeping peacefully, and a grim smile of satisfaction passed across his wild and haggard face. Silently and stealthily he crawled clear of the table, and then stood up erect on his feet. His eyes glared wildly, and his breath came quick and

short as he drew a knife from his bosom and poised himself to strike.

All unconscious of his peril, Captain Dunnnett slept on. He had no idea of danger from such a quarter; no idea that the mate had for two days past been labouring with maniacal patience and tenacity to clear an opening through the cargo, and had at length succeeded in making his way to the cabin hatch.

Jarvis stood over his intended victim, his eyes glittering with diabolic light; the blow was in the act of descending, when his arm was arrested. The cabin was suddenly illuminated with a blue, electric light, and a peal of thunder, loud as the crack of doom, broke over the ship. The maniac stood with his arm raised, as though it had suddenly been paralysed.

The crash of the thunder awoke Captain Dunnnett from his slumbers, and he sprang to his feet. He took in the situation at a glance; and, flinging himself on his would-be murderer, sought to disarm him. The struggle was for dear life, and the mate fought savagely. But at last the Captain's superior skill and strength prevailed, and Jarvis was once more at his mercy.

"Strike, man—strike!" shrieked the mate. "It is your life or mine!"

"You are mad, Jarvis!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Yes, I am; but strike, man—strike! Put an end to this torture; I can stand no more of it."

"No!" cried the Captain, throwing him from him.

Then he turned, and left the cabin, locking the door behind him.

Out on the deck a grand and startling sight met his view. The whole of the northern part of the heavens was enveloped in the blackest darkness, while the southern half was clear and bright. The next instant the northern half was ablaze with the most vivid light. But it was not this that caused such excitement in the breast of Captain Dunnnett. The central object in this scene was a large brig, not more than a mile and a half distant, bearing down to their succour, under a press of canvas.

For a second or two he stood rooted to the spot. Then, in a wild transport of joy, he threw up his arms, and cried:

"Saved! Saved! Thank Heaven! Thank Heaven!"

All thoughts of Jarvis's diabolical attempts on his life vanished, and in an instant he had unlocked the cuddy door,

and, seizing the mate by the arm, dragged him, half-stunned and dazed by his fall, out on to the main deck, and, as another flash of lightning disclosed the brig again to their view, cried :

"There ! there ! See what a merciful Heaven has sent us !"

A second or two afterwards, a vivid flash of lightning moved over the mizen-mast ; it ran down the mast, which tottered, and, with a crash, fell over the side. With the first crash of thunder that followed, Jarvise rushed toward the side, and was in the act of springing into the sea, when Captain Dunnett seized him by the collar, and flung him violently back on the deck, where he lay, stunned and bleeding.

The lightning flashed almost incessantly. The wind came in hot puffs. The brig still held on her course. By this time she was within half a mile of them. But suddenly the hot puffs ceased, and she lay motionless on the water.

All this while Captain Dunnett and the mate, who had soon recovered his consciousness, stood watching her in an agony of suspense.

The gloom was rapidly deepening ; the clouds were hurrying on ; the moon and the stars had all disappeared, and the sky was one vast pall of inky blackness. Broad sheets of lightning now and again shot up from the bosom of the ocean, illuminating the whole mass of sea and clouds with a blue, spectral light, which made the portentous aspect of the heavens more visible, while the silence, when unbroken by the thunder, was solemn and oppressive.

But what is that curling up from the open hatch in the cabin ? It is smoke ! At first it came in small wreaths ; but now it is pouring out in a great volume.

The ship is on fire !

The lightning, which had shivered the mizen-mast, had descended into the hold and set fire to the cargo, and the conflagration was spreading rapidly.

The two men, when they made this discovery, stood appalled with horror. They knew they were standing, as it were, on a volcano, for, in the magazine below, was stored a quantity of gunpowder, which might explode at any moment and blow the ship to atoms.

The smoke belched forth in large volumes, and now and again a bright, flickering flame shot up from the hatchway.

In another few minutes the flames were

pouring into the cuddy, and the whole structure was on fire. The flame extended, and in less than ten minutes the whole of the after part of the ship was on fire, the lurid glare lighting up the superincumbent clouds and leaden sea, and producing a scene of surpassing grandeur.

And now another danger was threatening them. Away in the distance there was a dull, sobbing moan, which each minute became more distinct—the tornado was fast approaching.

The last time they had looked at the brig she was lying becalmed ; and they had imagined that at the rate the conflagration was extending, there was little chance of succour arriving in time to save them, for now the deck was getting hot under their feet, and the fire had extended to the fore-castle deck-house ; but at that moment they were startled by a sharp cry of "Ship ahoy ! Ship ahoy !" and, looking in the direction from whence the sound came, they saw a boat, manned with four oars, pulling rapidly towards them. In another minute the welcome sound of "In bow !" was heard, and the boat was alongside.

No time was to be lost ; the storm was brewing in the north, and, if it burst upon them before they reached the ship, their doom was certain. Again, the powder in the hold might explode at any minute, so they hurriedly lowered themselves into the boat and pushed off.

While the second mate was rescuing the two men from the burning ship, the Captain and mate of the brig were making all preparations for the coming gale ; and, before the boat had got alongside, the sails had been furled and everything made snug.

Captain Dunnett and his mate had been kept up by the excitement of the situation, but the moment they were on board the brig they fainted dead off, and were taken below in a state of unconsciousness. This had scarcely been accomplished, and the quarter-boat hoisted up and made fast, when the tornado burst upon them with terrific fierceness. For a few minutes they could neither see nor hear anything but the roaring of the tormented waters and the howling and thundering of the wind. At first the brig reeled and bent before it ; then she rose up, and, like a furious steed, dashed on frantically in the wake of the burning wreck.

It was a scene of grandeur and horror, which it would be difficult to equal, and



excited awe in every heart. The force of the wind was tremendous, and the two vessels drove on madly before it. The wreck was now one mass of flames, the red glare of which lit up the foaming sea and the sky above, showing the outlines of the brig, and the faces of her crew, with terrible distinctness. The two vessels were running in parallel lines, and were not more than half a mile apart. Suddenly a towering mass of smoke and flame shot up into the sky. This was followed by a terrific report, and then all was black darkness. The powder in the magazine had exploded, and that was the last that was ever seen of that poor doomed ship.

All that night the gale continued, and shortly after daylight it moderated, and by noon it had blown itself out, the clouds rose, and the weather cleared up.

Captain Dunnett and the mate were attended with all the kindness and attention which was necessary for men in their exhausted condition. Jarvise was delirious; and many weary days and restless nights passed before he showed any signs of recovery. But he pulled through at last. The Captain was also for a time entirely prostrate; but he, too, gradually regained his strength, and in a fortnight was on deck again.

Poor Jarvise was greatly embarrassed when he first met his old commander. He was naturally of a humane disposition; and now that the frantic passion which was begotten of despair had passed away, he was heartily ashamed of his conduct.

"I was not myself, Captain Dunnett," he said, apologetically. "I was mad with hunger and despair. The devil seemed to have got into my heart; and when I reflect on the thoughts that passed through my mind, and the things I planned during that time, my mind is filled with horror, and I blush with shame when I think of them."

"I am sure you do, Mr. Jarvise," replied the Captain, soothingly; "let us forget all about it."

"Forget it, Captain Dunnett!" cried the mate, plaintively; "I shall never forget it! The misery and torment of that dreadful time will haunt me to my dying day."

"A dreadful time, truly," replied the Captain, solemnly; "and I can only pray Heaven that no other two men may ever be called on to pass through such a dreadful ordeal as we did."

"Amen!" cried the mate.

### SUMMER.

SUMMER's the time for dreams;  
For fancies set to music by the streams;  
For loves that wake, and reign, and die 'neath fairy  
moonlit gleams.

Summer's the time for youth,  
When every fleeting ray shows real and sooth.  
When vow and aim seem to fresh life the very core  
of truth.

Summer's the time for flowers,  
While the thrush trills his song in rose-twined  
bowers,  
And June rules, fair despotic Queen, through all  
her golden hours.

Summer's the time for hope.  
To her soft touch the Eden portals ope,  
And at her call life's arms are spread for Heaven's  
widest scope.

But Summer days pass by,  
The grey shade creeps across the azure sky,  
The swallow sees the warning sign, and preens her  
wings to fly.

September, with her face  
All calm and still in soft pathetic grace,  
Comes with her noiseless step to take fast-fading  
Summer's place.

"Listen," sighs dying June,  
"Since I must leave the world I love so soon,  
My strength and warmth for Autumn chill, take as  
my parting boon."

### ROUND ABOUT PARIS.

#### SAINT CLOUD AND VERSAILLES.

THERE is still a faint memory of the Ancient Monarchy in Paris, and nowhere is it felt more strongly than at the Pont Royal, close by the ruined courts of the Tuileries, and looking down upon the quay, whence the little steamers start that make the voyage down the river. There is a fine archaic appearance, too, about those same Bateaux Parisiens, that even excel in antiquity our Citizen B, or Bridegroom, or Wedding Ring, such as still navigate the troubled waters between Chelsea and London Bridge. For these Parisian boats, if they failed to make the acquaintance of the elder Bourbons, must have been familiar enough with the "Monarchy of July," as people used to call the dynasty of Louis Philippe. Indeed, except for their steaminess, they might well represent the "galiote réglée" that started daily from this same Pont Royal in the time of Louis le Grand, and for the same destination, making its way sometimes with a flowing sail, or dragged along by heavy oars, or throwing a rope ashore and being tugged off at a good pace by a pair of stout horses. There is no essential change, after all, in the ap-

pearance of the craft; there is the same row of cabin windows, the same raised deck, the elevated platform from which the steersman manipulates the huge tiller. The company on board is a little different perhaps. In the old galiot we might have met Molière and two or three of the fair dames of his company; a sprinkling of Abbés, with a few Benedictines or Dominicans in their robes of black and grey; a musqueteer or two of the King's guards, or belonging to the regiment of Monsieur. These last, no doubt, on their way to Versailles; for, although Versailles cannot be reached by water, any more than Bohemia, yet the river takes us a good half of the way.

And for Versailles we should have found on the roadway above a goodly contingent of gilded coaches setting forth, with their four or six long-tailed Flemish horses, coachmen and lacqueys in rich liveries, and within Marquises and Grand Seigneurs impatient to pay their respects to the great source of honour and profit—the "Roi Soleil."

The way is still plain enough—the great road that was made for Louis le Grand; he might have been great, but was he very wise to abandon Paris, in order to live at Versailles? And though the road was made for him, he never used it, or, at all events, but once, when he made his one solitary visit to Paris—only one during the long years of his stately sojourn at Versailles, and that to return thanks at Notre Dame for recovery from an illness. Yet the way has a Royal touch about it still; a pleasant way, if one chooses to make the progress along the quays and by the Cours de la Reine, and so by Passy, where people used to go to drink the waters, when our Londoners resorted to Clerkenwell or Islington, and then joining the grande route to Versailles. A constant stream of vehicles and foot-passengers flowed, night and day, both to and from Versailles—coaches of State, hundreds of chariots and post-waggon—a host of all kinds of vehicles. At the barriers were a crowd of carriages waiting to be hired. If you were a gentleman, or, at all events, the wearer of a laced coat, you jumped into the first four-horsed carriage you saw; three other chance passengers of the same condition would soon join you, and away would drive your Jehu, with loud shouts and cracking his whip to warn humble passengers to clear out of your worship's way. This would cost you

but a crown, and you would leave far behind you the humbler bourgeois crowded eighteen or twenty into the stage-waggon, dragged by a pair of foundered horses. You would cross the river by the bridge of Sèvres, and there had been a great hill beyond—the Butte de Chaville; but this had been levelled by the engineers of the great King, and then begins the gallop for the avenue, the great avenue of Versailles that leads to the palace gates, the town itself "making a hedge" respectfully on either side.

The road to Versailles is still gay and pleasant enough, though no longer crowded with vehicles; but arid and dusty in the heat of summer, when four-horse coaches or breaks, loaded with excursionists—American or English—may be seen along the way. But our route to-day is by the river, and we join the crowd upon the little steam-boat pier, and are presently floating past the quays of Paris, past the palaces of the Exhibition and the great Eiffel Tower, and, touching at Passy and Auteuil, we pass between the green banks of the fortifications and away down the swift, shining river, with pleasant banks, and poplars, and meadows here and there, and cabarets and cafes, with their green balconies and verandahs for those who linger by the way and trifle with consummations and cigarettes and the pleasures of *al fresco* banquets. At Billancourt, a herd of goats is browsing on the green banks, tended by an ancient with venerable beard; and so, among villas and market-gardens, with here and there a factory of less rural surroundings—but, still, more pleasant than factories usually are with us—we pass by green islets and gently swelling hills, till Bas-Meudon is sonorously chanted by the conductor of the boat.

A passenger by the same route, a hundred and fifty years ago, describes the hills as covered with vineyards—shrubby verdure attached, as it seems, to so many broom-handles; but the vineyards have disappeared, though grapes are still grown for the table among the market-gardens and rose-gardens that here abound. But it seems that, from the time of Charlemagne down to the end of the last century, the Seine was bordered almost as thickly by vineyards as the Rhine. The great abbeys had their vineyards along these sunny slopes, and detachments of the monks occupied themselves with the vintage and with the storage and carriage of

the wine that resulted from their labours. There was a time when these wines of the country were relished even in Paris, and one might call for a bottle of Bas-Meudon or of Vin de Surènes with as much aplomb as for one of Medoc or Pomard. But the fashion of such things has long since passed away.

The charm of the Seine, hereabouts, is its indolent, graceful way of loitering in its course, careless of its reaching its destination. And, hereabouts, the river takes a graceful sweep, where Sèvres lies pleasantly under the hill, with its porcelain factory that has a kind of Royal and Imperial flavour about it. So that, after bringing us away from Paris, as swiftly and directly as it can, the river seems more inclined to carry us back again. For here is Boulogne, and, beyond, the bosky thickets of the Bois de Boulogne feather down to the water's edge with green glades shining among the trees. But, resisting the attractions of that side of the river, we will land instead at Saint Cloud, where houses and cafés line the quay, while, beyond, rise the wooded park and the once wide-famed château.

When all this country about was forest wild, a grandson of Clovis, offered his choice between sword and scissors—the sword for his throat or the scissors to crop the long hair of the Prince and convert him into a monk all shaven and shorn—accepted the latter alternative, and retired from the world to found a monastery in this pleasant place. The place was then Nogent-sur-Seine, and had been Novigentum when Gaul was a Roman province. When the princely abbot died in the odour of sanctity, the place took his name, which, by the way, was Clodowold, which the Gaul, with his practical sagacity, has shortened to Cloud.

The relics of the saint brought pilgrims and offerings to the shrine; but the reputation of its wealth brought the Normans down upon it—on the other side of the Channel we should have called them the Danes—who acted after their usual heathen fashion, although they missed the bones of the saint—not, perhaps, of much value to them—which were carried off to Paris. When the Normans were gone the monks came back; but whether they brought their relics with them is not so certain. Anyhow, the convent and its adjoining buildings became a favourite residence of the Princes of the House of Capet.

The little town was then fortified, and

was taken, pillaged, and burnt by our English ancestors, in the wars of our Edward the Third; setting a barbarous example to the warriors of a later day, which they only too faithfully followed.

The Princes of the House of Valois were especially fond of Saint Cloud. Henry the Second built a villa there, and erected a bridge of stone. His son, the third Henry, also lived at Saint Cloud, when he was besieging the Leaguers in Paris; and here he was reached and slain by the dagger of Jacques Clement.

The jolly Bourbon, who succeeded him, also lived at Saint Cloud. But the actual seigneurie of the place was in private hands till Louis the Fourteenth bought the château for his brother the Duke of Orleans. And here reigned the fair Duchess as Châtelaine—Henrietta, the daughter of our Charles the First—reigned over pleasures, and fêtes, and gallantries, till one fatal night, when the cry was suddenly raised, "Madame se meurt!" and the terrified household crowded to witness the agonies of their mistress; when, soon after, the wail was heard, "Madame est mort!"

Nobody ventured to ask who did it; but, when Monsieur remarried next year, and to the Princess-Palatine, it was said that the ghost of the late Duchess was seen to haunt a fountain in the park. Anyhow, people evidently expected her ghost to appear, as of one who had not had fair play upon the stage of life.

From this time the château of Saint Cloud remained in the Orleans family, and was noted for its cascade and fountains and the occasional fêtes which were given there, and which rivalled, and in later days even exceeded, the brilliance of those at Versailles.

But a later Duke sold the place to the new Queen, Marie Antoinette, who would have a place of her own where she could live after her own fashion of elegant simplicity. And so the gold cornices were taken down, and the sprawling goddesses abolished; and the Queen had her rooms hung with the pretty printed cottons of Jouy.

Then came the revolution, and Saint Cloud became National property. And at the orangery of St. Cloud met the Council of five hundred, which Napoleon so rudely dissolved at the point of the bayonet; and then to the victor came the spoils, and Saint Cloud fell to the share of the First Consul.

As much domesticity as Napoleon ever

knew as Emperor was enjoyed by him at Saint Cloud. The showy grandeur of the Empire succeeded the simplicity of Marie Antoinette. And then with the downfall of the Emperor came the invading armies upon the scene. Blucher and Wellington supped together at Saint Cloud, and the allied Sovereigns were fêted by Prince Schwartzberg, the man in possession. The restored Monarchy kept its state in turn at Saint Cloud, and the Second Empire brought gaiety and glitter once more to the old Palace. And then came the terrible war of 1870. The château was within range of the guns of Saint Valérien, and the French, fearing that the enemy would make use of it as a "point d'appui," bombarded the place with shells. Crash went the fiery missiles through roof and flooring, the grand gallery of Apollo, with its mirrors and painted ceiling, was blown into fragments. Fire completed the work of destruction, and only the bare walls were left of the once proud mansion. And then the Prussians in their turn dealt destruction upon the town. Pleasant Saint Cloud was given to the flames; hardly a roof was left standing. And now there is little to link the town with the past, except the memory of what it has suffered.

But the grounds of Saint Cloud are still pleasant, although the secular trees have perished, and bare ruins attest the horrors of modern warfare. The view is still there of river and plain, with Paris in the distance, its towers and cupolas shining forth from the haze.

And now if we are for Versailles, the station is close at hand—the station of the line that serves the north side of the river, and that winds so pleasantly round about, almost rivalling the Seine in its vagueness. And it is noticeable in this country how, if the roads are straight, and dull, and dusty, the railways wind about here and there, and often show better points of view than can be obtained elsewhere. Anyhow, that is the case with the Versailles Railway, that starts as if it were bound for Dieppe, and then you come round with such a flourish by Puteaux and Suresnes, and under frowning Fort Saint Valérien, which, from its bare scarp heights, looks far more imposing than any of the other forts that surround Paris. With its white buildings shining out against the sky, it gives the impression at a distance of some grand feudal fortress; and it is hard to believe that till modern engineers took the place in hand, the hill was crowned by

nothing more formidable than a convent and Calvary, which had been a favourite place for pilgrimages once upon a time.

By whatever route we may reach Versailles we shall be struck by the wide avenues that lead up to the monster palace, and the somewhat faded dignity of the place that is so much an adjunct of the great château, that its streets take form and name from their position in relation to the Royal abode. And Versailles is happily free from all damage of war. Although, perhaps, if two-thirds of it had been knocked to pieces, say the wings shot off, leaving the centre untouched, the result would not have been an unhappy one.

For there is a little too much Versailles. Its galleries run on without end; acres of canvas stretch along the walls covered with battle-pieces. People traverse these galleries as if driven by some irresistible fate, longing all the while to be happily finished with them. And yet Versailles must be seen. The place in its enormity impresses the imagination, and in its garish sterile magnificence it reveals the secret of that ancient monarchy outwardly so grand and secure, inwardly so honey-combed and decayed.

"Versailles," so runs the legend on a print of the period representing the château in all its glory, "the seat and delight of our incomparable monarch, Louis the Great, was formerly but a simple château built by Louis the Thirteenth. The place having had the happiness to please the King, His Majesty began in 1661 to enlarge the buildings, so as to make them suitable for the splendour of his Court." The ancient château still remains encased in the more magnificent buildings around it. The great King had a superstition about the matter. He shared the Gallic superstition that it is unlucky to destroy the roof that a father has raised, to render desolate the paternal hearth. He was not without superstitions, this magnificent monarch. He abandoned Saint Germain, it is said, because from that charming site, which nature seemed to have designed for the seat of Kings, afar off could be discerned the spire of Saint Denis, where one day the monarch would find a place in the Royal vaults.

The site of the palace was once occupied by a humble windmill that ground the corn of the tenants of the manor. Louis the Thirteenth took the place of the honest miller, and on the mill hill he built his red-



brick villa, that was not even a château to begin with, for the titular château of the manor stood in what is now the great park of Versailles, and the King acquired the seigneurie some years after he had built his house, and then he destroyed the old château, and became, at last, the good-man of Versailles.

The site somehow pleased the young King, his successor, perhaps, because it could have pleased nobody else. It pleased his sense of power to create a paradise out of a bare, scrubby plain, and buildings were presently commenced on a magnificent scale, the younger Mansart being employed as architect for the palace, while Le Notre was commissioned to lay out the park and grounds. The King must have the most splendid waterfalls and cascades to bring freshness and verdure to the barren plain.

The difficulty was to find the water. The first scheme was to impound the river Loire at a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from Versailles, and bring its waters all the way by a grand canal. But the enormous cost and the engineering difficulties of the plan appalled even the King, who did not stick at a few millions to gratify a whim. But this was an affair of milliards.

Then the Seine was resorted to, and a huge machine constructed—the wonder of the age—great pumps worked by a water-wheel, that laboriously and noisily scooped up the water from the river, and set it flowing along conduits and aqueducts towards Versailles. But the water thus raised proved hardly more than sufficient for the use of the new château of Marly, and cascades and fountains soon ran dry.

"Turn on the Eure," was the next suggestion eagerly grasped by the King. Great works were commenced; a splendid aqueduct built near Maintenon, the ruins of which still command admiration. The *corvée* was employed, workmen were impressed; but still they were not sufficient. "Bring up a corps d'armées," was the order of the King. And, forthwith, forty thousand soldiers were marched to the spot, and toiled and suffered there, like the Israelites under Pharaoh, for nine long years, suffering more than the hardships of a campaign, and decimated by disease and pestilence; and all for the King's childish show at Versailles.

With it all, the works were a failure; the levels were wrongly taken, and water would not flow uphill, even to please Louis le Grand, and the war of 1688 was

welcomed, as giving a sufficient excuse for withdrawing the troops from their hopeless task without the ignominy of a confessed failure. After all these grand enterprises, it was found that the only practicable means of supplying the fountains of Versailles—and that only scantily and intermittently—was by impounding the streams in the limit of the plateau on which Versailles is placed. Ponds and reservoirs were everywhere made, and a great system of pipes and conduits constructed, which still exists, as the main source of supply, although the Seine still contributes a share, which is raised by the modern machinery which has superseded the old pumps at Marly. But while the smaller fountains can be kept at work for a few hours, about every other Sunday in the summer, the *grandes eaux* can only be set going once a month; and for all the rest of the year dolphins and sea-monsters gasp in drought and discontent, and Triton blows his wreathed horn in vain.

Some notion of the delights of Versailles when the King was young, and the beautiful La Vallière reigned over his fickle affections, may be gathered from a series of prints which represent the fêtes and diversions of the King, and for three days, beginning on the seventh of May, 1664—the seasons must have changed a little, for an open air fête at that date could hardly be arranged for now without risk of a snowstorm or chilly downpour of rain. But here are the King and all his young courtiers, and a crowd of attendants, mounted on horseback, in the gayest of costumes, caracoling among groves and canals in the full brightness of the sunshine. The King and his Court represent Roger and his knights, as they appeared in the enchanted Isle of Alcine. There is tilting at a ring, with all kinds of martial exercises, which the ladies of the Court delightedly behold, bareheaded, in the open air. At night, there are illuminations and fireworks, with thousands of lamps shining among the trees and reflected in the waters. The four seasons appear in a gilded car, and a long procession of bearers of gifts and tributes from the four quarters of the globe—tributes which conveniently take the form of a magnificent collation that is spread upon tables already prepared, where all the gay company take their seats, while musicians play, and jesters and mountebanks disport, and elephants and camels appear upon the scene, while the whole is lighted by hundreds of

torches borne aloft by attendants, and by thousands of lamps festooned among the trees.

The next evening's diversion is at the theatre, set out upon the grounds in front of the palace, and open at the back, disclosing the palace and its formal terraces and long avenues. Molière has written a piece expressly for the occasion—"The Princess d'Elide"—perhaps the worst he ever wrote, with interludes of music and masking, in which the King himself appears, to rescue somebody or other oppressed by wild men and demons. And people talked of an underplot, in which poor Le Vallière was unconsciously concerned. But in the print all is proper enough: the King, in his great plumed hat, sitting, as a spectator, next to his lawful Queen, who is supported by her belle maman on the other side. And so the gay diversions go on, with intrigues, jealousies, heartburnings a little below the surface, as happens generally on such occasions.

As a pendant to this picture we have the King, old, and sad, and deserted by fortune, breathing his last in his grand bedchamber at Versailles, while about his couch a last intrigue was going on as to who should have the guardianship of the sickly boy, just five years old, who was about to become Louis the Fifteenth, and with that the Regency of the kingdom.

The Duc d'Orléans, as everybody knows, won the prize; and with the death of the old King, no more Versailles for seven long years. The centre of affairs was now the Palais Royal, and the road to Versailles, lately so thronged, was now a desert, while grass grew in the Royal courtyards. Versailles had been dull enough in the latter days of the old King, with Madame de Maintenon as keeper of his conscience. No more nights of high play, brilliant suppers, plays, and diversions; but, instead, plenty of masses, sermons, and a basin of gruel with Madame.

But under the reign of the "well-beloved"—who, by the way, was almost universally detested, and who dared not show himself among his loving Parisians, lest he should be pelted through the streets—under the reign, the terribly long reign of this Louis the Fifteenth, Versailles was almost as dull as under the "feu roi," and infinitely less respectable. In fact, the Palace was a sty with the King as Maitre Cochon; and the official mistresses

were, perhaps, the most respectable people there, saving the Queen and Princesses, who were good sort of people enough.

The Pompadour, cruel as she was, and unscrupulous, was still a clever woman, who had ideas, and who fostered, unwittingly enough, the new spirit that was breaking through the lethargy of the age. But a Versailles of which the Du Barry was the ruling spirit! Du Barry, perching herself upon the arm of the King's chair, as he sits in council with the Ministers of State, and pitching a bundle of compromising letters into the fire, represents the decent, avowable side of Versailles. The rest will not bear looking into. We must pass on to the end—that end so dramatically recounted by Madame Campan, when the King was lying stricken with the most virulent form of small-pox, and even the Royal physicians kept themselves at arm's length from the sufferer. The Dauphin and his wife are quartered in the farthest corner of the Palace, only awaiting the signal of the King's death, to fly from the pestiferous precincts, when suddenly a noise like that of thunder is heard resounding in the long corridors. There is a moment of fear, and then it is found that the sound proceeds from the footsteps of hundreds of courtiers and Court officials, who, the King having just expired, have come to pay their respects to the new Monarch.

Everywhere the new reign seemed to open with fair and pleasant prospects. It was a time of softened hearts and tender emotions, and all France felt kindly to the honest, amiable youth—who might have been a farmer's son from the provinces—and the bright and dainty young woman who seemed destined to reign over the hearts of all the French. Versailles had been cleansed and purified; the unclean mysteries of the Parc aux Cerfs had been swept away. A new era had begun of sentiment, taste, and simplicity. The huge sacs of brocade thrown over wicker frameworks, in which the Royal dames, caparisoned thus like donkeys, were wont to seek the Royal presence, gave place to light and gossamer costumes of clinging muslin, or charming robes de Jouy. The Court is at Versailles for parade and ceremony; but the favourite resort of the young Queen is the Petit Trianon, which is not far to seek in the park, by the great sheet of water. Here, with her cows, her dairies, and her ornamental hamlet, the Queen disports herself in an elegant pas-

toral, assumes the name and costume of a shepherdess, has her little innocent flirtations with neighbouring shepherds, and bewails her griefs in appropriate verse. But, more than the shepherds, she loves her charming female friends, dainty De Lamballe, afterwards to be seen in sad exile in London, and her sweet, sympathetic De Polignac, whose fate was more cruel still.

Next we have the Versailles of just a century ago. The States-General have been convoked, and meet in solemn session at Versailles, the King presiding in his Royal robes. A Court painter draws the scene, a Court engraver reproduces the drawing. Revolutionary! no such thing; the assembly is as revolutionary as our House of Lords would have been with Convocation turned into it and mixed with the House of Commons, as it existed before the Reform Bill. But a spirit was abroad which carried every one with it, and the next glimpse we have of Versailles gives us the National Assembly which has just decreed the abolition of all privileges. A general enthusiasm has seized the Assembly. Deputies rush here and there, they embrace, they weep; it is as if the human family were reconciled all of a sudden, and had fallen into a passion of brotherly love. Still, we have the King's painter and the Court engraver to record the scene; but there the series ends. The next scene can hardly have been limned by an eyewitness; all about it was sudden and unexpected.

It was in the theatre of Versailles—the theatre which had been built for the Pompadour, but which was opened under her successor, the Du Barry. The gardes du corps give a banquet in the parterre; the boxes are filled with spectators; officers of the National Guard are among the guests; the tricoloured cockade is worn, for the King has not yet broken with the Revolution. But when the soldiers drink to the health of the King and the Royal house, their smothered feelings burst out in irrepressible enthusiasm. Sword in hand the toast is drunk, the trumpets sound the charge. Some one chants the well-known refrain of Blondel's song.

O Richard, O mon roi! L'univers t'abandonne.

At that moment the King appears in his box just as he has returned from the chase; the Queen is by his side, the young Dauphin in her arms. The enthusiasm becomes

delirium, the tricolour is torn and trampled under foot, the white cockade is pinned on by fair and trembling hands. Will we abandon thee? Never! The Royal females weep for joy and exultation, and the hearts of all present are moved to the very bottom. The gentlemen of the National Guard have already retired, perplexed and troubled at the turn affairs have taken.

Three days after this began the march of the Parisians on Versailles. The tramp of them could be heard afar off, and mounted messengers hurried off to warn the King of their approach. But so little was he aware of the crisis in his fate, that he had been shooting all the morning, and was tranquilly writing in his diary the record of his sport, when the vast crowd surged into the courtyard of the Palace. Before night, the King was conducted in the midst of assembled thousands to Paris.

And there was an end to the life of Versailles from that time forth. The magnificent furniture, and a good deal that was tawdry and shabby, was thrown out of windows; what was not destroyed was sold to the brokers; and the great building, that might have held at times between three or four thousand inmates, was abandoned to silence and desolation. And none of the rulers of France have since cared to disturb its slumbers. It was Louis Philippe who at last restored Versailles, and utilised it as a public picture-gallery and museum, as it at present exists. He collected also such relics of its former possessors as could be rescued from various hands. The State bedchamber of Louis the Fourteenth is furnished with many authentic pieces, including the great bed in which the Monarch died.

As far as the neighbouring country is concerned, its interest is exhausted with Versailles. But, perhaps, Rambouillet is worth a visit by rail, where there are remains of the old château and feudal tower that sheltered, often enough, the old French Kings. Louis the Sixteenth bought Rambouillet from the Marquis of that ilk. The old place suited him; but his wife called it the froggery, and would have none of it, although he built dairies and cow-houses to suit her pastoral tastes. The Castle has a somewhat gloomy air and reputation, with the dark forest stretching beyond. The Empress Marie Louise stayed there for a time after her husband's abdication, and on her way to her former home. Napoleon spent a gloomy night or

two there on his way to Saint Helena; and Charles the Tenth made it a stage in his progress to his place of exile in Scotland. Memories, these, which add no particular brightness or charm to the old place.

But there is a pleasant country of hills and meadows and cornfields along the valley of the little river Bièvre, with Jouy lying within three or four miles of Versailles. It is Jouy en Josas, to be precise, the latter being some ancient archdeaconry. And it was here that Oberkampf established a famous manufactory of painted or printed cottons. And the toiles de Jouy came into fashion again a few years ago, although only the name remains of the once famous establishment. And this way brings us to Sceaux, a prettily-situated little town placed upon a charming wooded hill, surrounded by Parisian villas and elegant pavilions. And here was the site of another famous château, famous at least in the memoirs of the eighteenth century, which had once belonged to the great minister Colbert, but which in those later days was the seat of the Duchess of Maine, where Voltaire was often a guest, and where the Duchess gave fêtes that lasted all night long, while her husband pored over his books and problems in his solitary tower. The château was pulled down during the Revolution, and the only relic to be found of the gay Duchess—it was she who instituted the order of the Honey Bee, forestalling the order of the Primrose League, with female Chevaliers and Knights of the Order—well, all that remains of the Duchess is the tomb of her favourite cat, which was somehow spared.

And from Sceaux the railway lands us presently in the Boulevard d'Enfer, and here is Paris again, with its crowded omnibuses and trams, and all the whirl and glitter of its many-sided life.

## LOUIS DRAYCOTT.

By MRS. R. S. DE COURCY LAFFAN.

*Author of "Geoffrey Stirling," etc. etc.*

### CHAPTER VII. THE BOND BETWEEN THEM.

"What can I do?"

Rebecca lifts her head and looks earnestly and curiously at the girl who watches her. For the moment, the good that still lingers in this woman's nature is touched into life and vividness by the hand of tenderness and sympathy. But suspicion and distrust are ready to

step in. She hardens her heart, and flings the above question at Mazie rather than puts it to her. It has a defiant, mocking ring.

"What can I do?"

"Spare him what you can. It is that which has brought me here to you to-day; it is that which has kept me waking all night long—the thought of his pain and the memory of his face when he came from you to me last night. I seemed to see his eyes in the darkness—so weary, so hopeless. Oh, if you ever loved him—as I am sure you must have done—do not try to sting and hit him with cruel words now! He wants to be your friend; he wants to help you. He wants to make you understand, and you won't—you won't! But women can sometimes understand one another's hearts better than any man can do. I thought if we spoke together—you and I—things might grow clearer."

But the evil spirit is not yet cast out. Rebecca hugs herself, rocking to and fro, while the low laughter of malignant cunning makes the girl—who is on her knees before her—shiver as she listens.

What a spirit is this with which Louis Draycott finds himself confronted! His duty to the woman—because of the past that lies between them—the duty that neither sin, nor wrong, nor time can obliterate; his duty to her as the man responsible for the "cure of souls" within those prison walls: these two strands forming a cord that binds him to her, and she ready to mock him at every turn, to misinterpret him, to throw him back upon himself!

How helpless Mazie feels, facing this cruel truth, and yet how strong, by reason of her love for the man whose sorrows and whose trials were to her as her own! Neither yet his wife, nor ever likely to be, she is still actuated by the truest spirit of wifehood, by that changeless love and fealty that shares all sorrows and all burdens, be they great or small.

With that deriding, bitter laughter in her ears she might well despair; for any fiend is easier to contend with than the fiend that gibes and jeers. But "love is strong as death," and Mazie has a child's unquestioning faith in help from above: in the strengthening of the feeble knees, the upholding of the drooping hands. Not in her own feeble strength, but in the strength of Heaven has she set out upon this quest of hers. Why, then, should she fear or fail? She will not be beaten back.



Once already has she touched the erring heart that is now hardening itself against her; may it not, then, be given to her to touch it again? The laughter ceases, giving place to words.

"I thought I riled him up yesterday."

"You did, indeed. You hurt him cruelly. If you had seen him afterwards, when he came to me, I think you would have been sorry."

"Not I! He riled me up many a time, spying after me, and thwarting me, and balking me. There was no peace night nor day."

She is working herself up into a fury, and it is probable, had the matron been within ear-shot, she would have had her fears for the scant furniture of the prison cell.

But Mazie knows no fear. She presses closer to the woman's knee; prisons the working, restless hands; speaks with redoubled fervour; puts forth all her strength.

"If he thwarted you; if he balked you; if he watched over you, he did it all for your good, and you know it. Why, then, should you try to revenge it on him now? Think how deep his sorrows—his and mine—and have some pity on him! I am not afraid to speak of all this to you. Louis has done you no wrong, nor have I; and now, when we know we must part, we are going to be as brave over it as we can. You see it seems to me like this—we must all suffer, and there is nothing for it but to help each other all we can. We have grown to love each other so dearly—he and I—that it is like tearing some living thing limb from limb for him to have to leave me. When the time comes I hardly know how we shall bear it, or what the days will be like to live through when he is gone. It is like facing death even to think of it; but in all such times a woman can help a man by beating herself down as much as possible. There is surely time enough for her to lie down under the grief of it all when it is over. So, when we come to say good-bye—and it will not be long now—I shall pray that I may be strong for his sake—perhaps even smile upon him as he goes. Women have done such things before, and why not I?"

"You're not much to look at, but you're a plucky one, and no mistake," says Rebecca, regarding her visitor with a sort of reluctant admiration.

"I want to be plucky," she says, with a

tremulous smile, "but it is hard work, sometimes; and now that I have told you all about it, I'm sure you'll try and help me. We shall each try to help the other."

This simple insistence upon an entire community of interests, a complete equality, a joint right of action, draws and touches Rebecca more than she herself is aware of. No woman can lead the life into which she had drifted, without coming across many a bitter experience, being hit by many a hard and cruel word, stung by many a sneer. Sympathy and gentleness from her own sex is rare to such a one; for women are harder to each other than men, and hit one another when down without chivalry or mercy. She feels then the spell of Mazie's tender ways, yet is loth to yield; half believing, too, that it may be what she, in her acquired argot, calls a "plant," a snare set for some purpose that she cannot fathom.

"You know the girl I stuck the knife into is in a bad way?" she says, tentatively.

"Yes; but she may live yet. If not——"

"If not, it's likely enough I'll swing for it; that's what you're thinking of, I bet. That's what I said to Louis last night. They'll string me up yet, and then I'll be out of your way."

"Yes, I know; I know," says Mazie, covering her own face with her hands, as though to shut out the sight of the evil leer that disfigures the face opposite. "You said that and much more. You wounded afresh the poor heart that is so sore already—wounded it to the core. Oh, how could you—you who have lived beside him day by day in the years that are past, and must have known that he could not feel and think like that—how could you hurt him so?"

"It's the devil that's in me makes me act like that," says the woman, surprised into a fitful penitence by the passion and reality of the other's pleading; "I thought to pay off old scores, and when I saw how it riled him, I went on worse and worse—that's a way I have; any one will tell you that. I take on worse and worse, and then I smash things—it's the devil that's in me, that's what it is."

"It is no devil," says Mazie, coming closer still, and gripping the restless hands tight in her own; "it is your own heart that harbours such thoughts and feelings."

Unconsciously to herself, Rebecca is gradually moved, and the life that lies

between the present and the past grows dim, fades, dies out. She is once again a gentlewoman, once again the companion of other gentlewomen.

"I will do what you want about Louis. I will not speak hardly to him any more."

The moment of victory is often more trying than the moment of effort. Tears are running down Mazie's face, tears of thankfulness and joy. The other wipes them away. So gently does she touch the poor, pale cheek, that the coarse linen handkerchief with which she does it might be of the finest lawn.

"Do not cry so," she says, softly; "I will do all you wish. Only tell me——"

"The time that I may stay is nearly over," says Mazie, now speaking fast and hurriedly, "and there is so much that I could say—so much that I long to say. Louis is not going yet; he will not go until the trial is over, and you know they have put that off for a while."

"Until they see if the girl 'Liza will die. Yes—he told me that. I hope she won't. I'm sorry I stuck the knife into her; I shouldn't have done it, if it hadn't happened to lie handy. It was her own fault, too. Why did she laugh when I said I was once a lady? They all know I can't stand being laughed at. When I've had a drop I get mad if any one laughs, and then I smash things. So I had to smash 'Liza that time. They all know that. 'You a lady!' she said—the likes of you! You look like it. Tell us a better than that, if you want it swallowed.' And then I went at her. I'm sorry I did it now, any way. But I was a lady; and 'Liza shouldn't have laughed, and set me on."

"But you didn't mean to kill her; it was only your anger made you fly at her like that. You had no thought of murder in your heart? Tell me, quickly—the time is nearly up; I hear the Matron stirring; I have had such difficulty to get here at all—only for the Governor having known my father, I could not have managed it. Do not turn from me like that. Speak to me—tell me—— Oh! I shall have to go. Do not send me away like this."

Looking at her with narrowed, furtive eyes, Rebecca hesitates. The old demon of suspicion is stirring in his sleep.

"It isn't a—plant, is it? You arn't asking me things to use them against me, are you?"

"No, no; I am trying hard to help you. I am saying what others cannot say to you——"

"Trying to save me from——"

She girdles her throat with the coarse linen kerchief that had wiped away Mazie's tears, and gives it an ugly, yet artistic twist.

The girl tears it down, drawing her breath sobbingly as she speaks.

"Yes; trying to save you from that—trying hard. . . ."

Hitherto Mazie has kept herself well in hand. She has been cool and collected in spite of the tears she has shed; but now her pulses begin to beat hot and fast; her cheek is pale no more. A horrible fantastic vision rises before her strained and burning eyes.

She sees a sad procession passing through the pearl-grey dawn of a summer's morning. She sees this woman pinioned between two warders; following her comes the figure of Louis Draycott, clad in priestly robes, his white lips uttering the sacred words of hope and consolation; his face . . . .

Oh Heaven! How well she knows what his face would look like.

Can it be that this terrible thing shall come to pass? Must he see this woman who has lain upon his bosom, this woman whom he has vowed to love, and cherish, and to defend from every evil thing—look her last upon life and hope ere they cover her eyes from the light of the sun for ever? Can he meet that agonised gaze and live?

And yet Mazie knows that the man will not forsake his post; will delegate to no other the right to minister to the last to the woman who is still his wife; for whom he still holds himself responsible before Heaven and man alike.

Of the possible happiness for herself that might lie behind this possible tragedy, Mazie thinks not at all. The cloud that threatens to overshadow the man she loves is too black and terrible for her to look beyond it; and, in truth, none but the most callous heart could endure to pluck, even in fancy, a joy that must be culled across a grave.

An uneasy movement is audible outside in the corridor. Mazie catches and grips Rebecca round the arm.

"The time is nearly up. Tell me—tell me—you did not mean to kill her?"

"Not I. Why should I? I only wanted to punish her for laughing when I said I was a lady once. Why should she laugh? It was true, wasn't it?"

"Of course it was; but that doesn't matter now. Listen to me, Rebecca. Louis will not leave you; he will not go

till the trial is over. He will get the best legal help for you; he will stand by you. For myself, I may not be able to come again. I will if I can; but, remember, if this girl you—punished—dies, and they send you to prison——”

“If they don’t awing me for it, they’ll give me ten years’ penal. I know. I’ve got a pal—I mean a friend—who did five years . . .”

“Never mind that; time presses. I want to make you understand. If this thing should come about, I shall always be your friend; wherever they send you I shall go and see you—I think their rule is once in three months. It is not much, but it would be better than nothing, wouldn’t it?”

Rebecca is beginning to look somewhat scared and dazed. It was one thing to feel that the possible or probable death of this woman whom she had “punished,” gave her grand opportunities of jeering and gibing at her husband, herself all the while hardly realising any special personal danger in the situation of affairs; but it is quite another to stand face to face with this slip of a girl, with her earnest, tearful face, and have it brought home how precarious are her own chances and prospects.

“Does Louis really think they’ll bring it in murder, if—she—dies?”

Rebecca is twisting her gown in her hands; her face has a sickly shade; her eyes are furtive no longer, only eager and frightened.

“He does not know. No one can tell. He is sorely troubled.”

“I’d be a good riddance to both of you——”

“Hush! don’t speak like that. You know you promised——”

“Well, I’m not speaking to him, am I? You don’t matter, do you?”

“No, I don’t matter, if it does you any good to speak like that; but I don’t think it can; and, you know, it isn’t a true way to speak. When I am gone you’ll think things over more quietly; and I want you to be able to remember then all that I have told you about what we will do for you.”

“I wish you weren’t going.”

“Why?”

“It’s lonesome enough here all night and day, with nothing to watch but the light through that window up there, coming and going, coming and going, and never any change. There is no one but you and Louis to care what comes of me. I sup-

pose he’s told you my brother’s dead?—and there was no one else. He wasn’t much good, but he was somebody. He said I brought him to his grave with sorrow. But that’s a lie—he brought himself there with his bad ways, the same as I’ve brought myself here with mine. If mother hadn’t died, I might have made a better thing of life. Once she was gone, I had no chance—no chance—no chance. It doesn’t sound like me to be talking this way; they’d laugh if they heard me. But I can’t help it. I’d say a lot more if you could stay——”

“I wish I could,” says Mazie, weeping—

“I wish I could.”

“Anyway, you’ll tell Louis I won’t try to rile him up again; and tell him I wasn’t altogether bad to you, won’t you? I don’t want to be bad to you, but I’ve got in the way of it, and it’s a hard way to get out of. Perhaps I’m better in here than out. If I got out I should take to the drink again—oh yes, I should! You don’t know—it’s like a hungry beast within you that must be fed. I expect I’m better here—if it wasn’t so lonely. See, I’ll tell you something I never thought to tell to any one. You know about that night—the night I came here, when I first met Louis? Well, it’s against rules for the Chaplain to see any of us alone, but he broke the rule that time. I was his wife, you see, and he thought he had a right. I thought he was going to rate me for all I’d done—he’d good cause, you know, and I thought it only natural he should. Well, when we were left alone, what do you think he did? He asked me to forgive him; he said he had done wrong to—let me go, and had suffered for it ever since. That was an eye-opener, wasn’t it? I can tell you, I stared—ay, and stammered, too, and didn’t well know which way to look. I’d been smashing things—all I could—though there wasn’t much to smash—it was a poor kind of a place—but I gave up after that. I scared them, I was so quiet. I had enough to think of, I can tell you; I kept feeling my hand where he’d touched it——”

There is a low tap at the door, and the disc of the spy-hole is raised.

“A moment, only a moment,” says Mazie, under her breath; and Rebecca clings to her as a child might do to its mother in the dark. Their positions seem to be reversed. The woman has become a child, the girl a woman.

“There was a picture at home—I mean

the home that Louis took me to when he married me—I remember it so well! It was St. Peter in prison. There was a great flood of light at one side; and in the midst of the light an angel come to strike his fetters off and set him free. You have a face like that angel—tell Louis I said so—he will remember where the picture hung, just beside his reading-chair."

The cell door stands open, and the Matron is making signals to Mazie. In another moment she finds herself—she knows not how—out in the corridor; and as the key grates in the door, she can hear a wild burst of weeping from within—

The hot July sun is streaming down everywhere, trying its best, or so it seems, to brighten even the gloom of the gloomy prison. The warder's canary, delighted with this jocund shining, is singing its shrill roundelays just as merrily as when its voice jarred so cruelly on Louis Draycott's ear the morning after he had kept cruel and bitter vigil.

And as the two pass the heavy portal that separates the women's side of the prison from the main corridor, behold two gracious little figures, linked hand in hand, tripping gaily to meet them. It is Bobby and "t' little wench" arrayed in all the glory of their "Sunday frocks," for they are presently going a-visiting. Smiling, happy little souls, are they, unabashed and unsaddened by the grim surroundings that to them have become but as a second nature!

"Don't be a bold boy, sir," says the Matron, severely, to Bobby. But Bobby heeds not, he has hold of Mazie's dress in the twinkling of an eye, and says to his small companion:

"You go on ze osser side of her, Tottie, then we be's nice and comfy."

Mazie does not find words come easily; but she cannot refuse a smile to this dainty pair.

As they all reach the porter's lodge, Tottie looks grave and pulls Mazie's gown to attract her full attention.

"Grandad isn't there now," she says, pointing to the door, the bosom of her

pretty apron heaved by a long, sad sigh. "He can't say 'God bless you,' to you any more."

The child has heard the story of grandfather blessing the pretty lady so often that it is "familiar in her ears as household words."

"I'm sorry he isn't here to say 'God bless you,'" says Mazie, stooping to kiss the wee, serious face set in a tangle of curls, "for I need some one to say it to me very much."

"Her does be c'ying and c'ying," says Bobby, gravely, watching the visitor through the postern, and marvelling in his innocent little heart at a sadness for which he can see no cause.

But George discourages further comments, and looks gravely, too, as he goes into the room where Joseph Stubbs lies fast asleep among the geraniums in the window.

"I dunnot know if I done right," he says to Bessy, as, half-an-hour later, she passes out of the gate with the two delighted children at her heels; "but it's this way. The pretty one we knows of, she's bin here, unbeknownst, I'll lay my life, to Mr. Draycott—but that's neither here nor there—anyway, she's bin here, and bid me good-day so sweet and gentle-like, my heart was like to melt in my body, and I couldna' bring myself to tell her as there's great news come. No less than this, Mrs. Mogeridge: the girl as that varmint stuck the knife into is dead and gone. It's true as true. They've taken her disposition, and she's dead and gone." Then George jerks his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the prison. "I hope she'll swing for it," he says, in a blood-curdling whisper; "'them as God has joined together let not man nor woman put asunder.' That's what the Book says, Mrs. Mogeridge; and if ever I saw two as God had made for one another, it's that there pretty one and our Chaplain. Heaven bless the two on 'em!"

But Bessy looks grave; and Bobby has to tug her hand ever so to make her listen to his prattle.

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